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"modern" mind, seeing *vir mulierque* in Tibullus 2.2.2 and *femina virque* in Ovid (both in the latter half of the pentameter), "is apt to imagine that some subtle distinction between the places of man and woman is intended, as though Ovid were a sort of pro- and Tibullus an anti-suffragette". This illustration does not involve *syntax* at all. The same comment may be made (indeed has been made, most effectively, by Professor Shorey, in a notice of this paper, in *Classical Philology* 5.226-227) on Mr. Postgate's remarks on the difficulty scholars (*what* scholars?) find in interpreting aright examples of hypallage, such as *arma dei Volcania* or Aeschylus's τὰς ἐπτατείχεις ἐξόδους or Horace's *os trilingue* (said of Cerberus) or the use of abstracts in such expressions as *fontium gelidae perennitates*; these are matters of rhetoric, not of syntax. In Lucan 8.542 ff., *Nilusne et barbara Memphis et Pelusiaci . . . Canopi*, every Roman reader, thinks Mr. Postgate, would see at once that Lucan did not mean to locate together Canopus and Pelusium (the one in fact on the westernmost, the other on the easternmost arm of the Nile), and that he did not mean merely 'Egyptian' by *Pelusiaci*. No, the Roman reader would see that Lucan was trying to include *all* the inhabitants of Egypt wherever found, from East to West and North to South. Assuming that this is all true, I should find the explanation, not as Mr. Postgate does, in the fluidity of the Latin language, due to the arrangement of the Latin sentence in a circle instead of in a line, but in the fluidity of Roman ideas about geography. Nowhere does a Roman writer express easily and clearly the idea of wide extension seen in such a sentence as "Let observation, with extensive view, survey mankind from China to Peru". In interpreting Lucan's words no uncertainty about the *syntax* disturbs us.

In another respect Mr. Postgate's paper is an instance of the stabbings received all too frequently by the Classics at the hands of their friends: he fails to make it clear that classical scholars do not always, at all times, make the kind of blunders he describes.

There are many excellent discussions of passages in Latin (less often in Greek) authors. However much one may deplore the general outline and spirit of Mr. Postgate's paper and the damage it is likely to do if read by those already prejudiced against the Classics and unaware of the great mass of flawless or nearly flawless work done by classical scholars or of the insuperable difficulties in the way of objective testing of their work, the thoughtful persual of the paper will teach much, in the fields of etymology, word accent, semasiology, interpretation, and archaeology.

Particularly good is the latter part of the paper in which, after remarking that our texts often spell

Latin words incorrectly, the author considers a number of passages in which, he holds, Plautus has been wrongly interpreted or not interpreted at all because the editors of Plautus's text have spelled wrongly. Here there are many keen suggestions. To this part of his paper I hope to come back before long. At present let it suffice to note that this Plautine discussion involves the familiar matter of Plautus's Redende Namen; here Mr. Postgate seems to be unaware that his work has been anticipated, e.g. by Dr. C. J. Mendelsohn's dissertation (*University of Pennsylvania, 1907*), *Studies in the Word-Play in Plautus* (155 pages). C. K.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS¹

The Gallic renaissance of the fourth century, a season of tranquillity between two periods of convulsion, has been likened to Indian Summer. Its brief revival of literary activity gave rise to the illusion that the brilliant Augustan age was about to be repeated, till the utter degradation of the Western Empire, like the on-coming of sterile winter, numbed all creative impulse.

Hellenistic culture, having passed from Italy to the provinces, found its finest representatives in college towns like Tolosa and Burdigala among professors and students who cherished no serious belief in the old gods, yet were steeped in the spirit and culture of paganism. Proud of their Roman citizenship, which made them eligible to the highest offices, they inherited from their Gallic ancestry fresh moral and intellectual vigor.

The life of D. Magnus Ausonius, the most brilliant child of his age, extended approximately from 310 to a little after 390. These fourscore years he filled with the varied occupations of a man of letters and of a high public official. In him is found the ideal citizen-professor, in whose life one may read an epitome of the century's history. Of an honorable, if not an illustrious, house, the father of Ausonius won so great fame as a skilled physician and an upright man that he was enrolled in the senate of Burdigala and later in that of Rome. He married the daughter of Arborius, noblest man of the Aeduans. These parents gave Ausonius the advantages of a comfortable and cultured home in a rank above mediocrity.

The picture of his early training is a charming one, wherein all his kindred manifest great pride in his talents and a desire to assist in his education. His lively gratitude for kindness received is shown by numerous tributes in verse reverencing the memory of his early companions. Ere long he began to teach grammar and rhetoric, an experience to which he referred always with pride and pleasure. After thirty years of teaching and successful law-practice he was summoned to court by the Emperor Valen-

¹ This paper was read at the annual meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Princeton University, April 22, 1911.

tinian as tutor to his son Gratian. The high rank accorded him was not due to his professional reputation so much as to the fame of his songs, for Valentinian, though a rough soldier, was not averse to the fine arts. The tutor so grew in favor with his royal patrons that he became their trusted friend and adviser. It was probably due to his influence that Gratian was the first emperor to refuse to wear at coronation the pontifical robes of paganism. Ausonius was appointed to various high posts, being successively prefect of Italy, Africa, and Gaul, and in 379 he attained the dignity of consul. Soon afterwards he retired from public life to the enjoyment which his accumulated fortune afforded.

He never lacked appreciation among his contemporaries or subsequent writers. The Emperor Theodosius says he admires his songs more than those of any poet of the Augustan Age. Symmachus, who might have been jealous as a rival, extols his genius, art, and eloquence, and compares him with Vergil and Cicero. Inferior writers plainly adorned their nosegays with flowers culled from his garden. The schoolmen, Erasmus and Casaubon, quote him for purity and grace of style. Venetus remarks upon his varied and profound scholarship. A few voices have been raised against him because of the pagan and vulgar in some of his compositions. Pity it is that men are not measured by the highest they accomplish. "Whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things".

Ausonius has left so large a volume of prose and verse, chiefly the latter, that in the narrow limits of this paper we may consider only a small portion of it, translating lines here and there to illustrate his variety of meters and his diction. A special interest attaches to his *Play of the Seven Sages*, a dramatic composition with a serious purpose, because it is a connecting link between the classical drama and the mediaeval miracle-plays. It is without plot. A prologue announces that the wise men of antiquity will speak the sentiments for which they became famous. A player then recites these proverbs in Greek followed by the Latin meanings. Then the Wise Men in turn appear and add their further advice.

His Epigrams, written on a great variety of subjects, are chiefly in elegiac meter. Those to his wife Sabina are among the most charming. He celebrates her household accomplishments, her literary taste, her faith in his honor, and their mutual affection. In the *Parentalia* he testifies to her nobility of rank and character; and though he lived for more than fifty years after she died, time brought no comfort for his loss. He thus praises her weaving:
Let rich oriental splendor boast its webs of Persian texture;

Weave, O Greece, in curious fashion threads of gold into thy garments.

Fame will none the less bear witness to the skill of Rome's Sabina,

Using not so rich materials but in art an easy equal.

He compares her handiwork and poetry:

Whether you fancy more the garment of Syrian purple

Or the style of the quatrain that has been written upon it,

The charming grace of the lady each art in herself harmonizes,

For both are perfectly blended together in our Sabina.

The modest wife, however, does not wish it supposed that she herself writes verses; so she protests:

They who weave both threads and sonnets give their sonnets to the Muses,

Leaving only threads to offer unto thee, O pure Minerva.

I, Sabina, do not venture to divorce things so united
But express my thoughts poetic on the loom by weaving patterns.

Ausonius, as poet-laureate, flattered his patrons on their every accomplishment. He praised hunting, of which Gratian was passionately fond, and wrote an epigram on a painting which portrayed a lion slain by the emperor with a single shaft:

That a lion here suffers death under an arrow so slender,

Is due not to might of arms but to might in the arm of the sender.

Many of the Epigrams, though graceful, lack originality, being little more than clever translations from the Greek. He repeats in Latin the play of words ascribed to Plato on the death of his pupil Aster:

O thou who didst shine among men here in light,
Lucifer, star of the morning,

Eclipsed, thou'rt to shades in the darkness of night
Vesper, star of the evening.

He thus pities the tragic fate of the queen of Carthage:

Unlucky Dido! happily wed to no husband.

The first one dying, thou didst fly;

The second fleeing, thou didn't die.

He represents Echo as defying an artist who wishes to paint her likeness:

Thou foolish painter, why dost strive

To make a form for me,

To paint a goddess, though alive,

Whom eyes can never see?

Daughter am I of speech and air,

Mother of empty show,

A voice devoid of thought I bear,

I'm nothing but Echo,

Prolonging final sounds that die,
 Already failing at the end,
 Mocking I others' words defy,
 Nor to the sense attend.
 Within your ears I always dwell,
 And yet I travel round:
 So if you wish to paint me—well,
 You must learn to paint *sound*.

The poet's facility in adapting appropriate meters to the varying occupations of the day is the chief charm of the cycle of verses called the *Ephemeris*. A gentleman, upon waking, seeks to rouse his attendant slave in Sapphic stanzas:

Brightly now the morning sun lights the windows,
 Twitter sparrows, wide-awake, in the tree-tops,
 Thou, as 'twere evening still or midnight,
 Parmeno sleepest.

Dormice sleep the winter through, nothing eating;
 Cause of thy long slumbering is thou drinkest
 Far too much, and art getting 'xcessive weight of
 Adipose tissue.

Wake up, trifter, needing a whipping sorely,
 Wake up! lest thy sleeping on last forever,
 Fearing nothing. Hastily from thy soft couch,
 Sleepy-head, get up!

Mayhap this song musical, sung in Sapphics,
 Merely soothes thee drowsily on to slumber.

Drive away the Lesbian quiet measure,
 Stirring Iambus!

As the boy does not wake, the master addresses him in iambic dimeters which have the effect of a vigorous shaking:

Ho there, boy! Get up! and fetch my shoes,
 The under tunic that I use,
 And next whatever else I bade
 Provide, so I go neatly clad.
 Bring water that a fountain gave
 My hands and face and eyes to lave!

As he betakes himself to his morning devotions, his tone becomes less urgent:

Now open up the chapel wide,
 Preparing nothing else beside,
 For simple words of pious prayer
 Alone are fit to offer there.
 Incense to burn I deem not meet,
 Nor cakes of meal with honey sweet.
 An altar built of living sods
 I leave to helpless pagan gods.
 To God supreme I bend the knee,
 To son, incarnate deity,
 To Holy Ghost, blest Trinity.
 And lo! as I begin my prayer,
 My trembling thought becomes aware
 Presence divine is hovering near.
 Does faith or hope have aught to fear?

There follows in dactylic hexameters his dignified and sonorous invocation beginning:

Omnipotent, whom I learn alone by the mind's
 adoration,
 Thou, whom the evil know not, art known to all
 of the faithful,
 Has not beginning or end, more ancient than ages
 unnumbered
 Past or to come. Thy beauty and greatness man's
 mind unassisted
 Has not power to conceive or his tongue to give
 fitting expression.

After a lengthy prayer, he calls for his toga that he may go forth to greet friends. But ere going out he dispatches his boy to remind certain persons of their engagement to breakfast with him, here employing the iambic trimeters usual in dramatic dialogue:

Our guests to summon now it is the time of day.
 Let all be promptly done lest we the meal delay.
 While yet I'm speaking, go! and speedily come back!
 Five friends I've asked that I as host may feel no
 lack.

To his cook in elegiac distichs he gives directions:
 Sosia, breakfast is wanted. Already the sun in the
 heavens shines hot.

'Tis past ten o'clock; soon will the dial show noon.
 Whether the viands juicy are seasoned with excel-
 lent savor

(For they are wont to be flat!) prove you by tasting
 them all.

Keep the kettles in motion by frequent shiftings and
 turnings,

Thrusting your fore-fingers quick into the meat-
 gravy hot,

Which then your ever moist tongue may lick off
 with a swift-darting motion.

A later occupation of the day is the master's interview with his amanuensis. Though his dictation falls like a hail-storm, yet the stenographer loses not a word, his hand flying over the page as a bird skims the sea. The last of the extant fragments of the *Ephemeris* vividly describes the dreams which disturb the man's slumbers, to which he offers the elm-tree in his field as a dwelling-place, if they will only leave him alone.

Undoubtedly several numbers of this series of poems have been lost, but we have enough to conjecture the probable whole.

When Ausonius came into possession of the little estate left by his father, he wrote some lines full of emotion yet rich in sound common sense:

Small's the inheritance—yes, I admit; but nothing
 was ever

Small unto well-balanced minds having concordant
 desires.

Riches, I think, depend on the mind, not the mind
 upon riches.

Croesus desired everything, nothing Diogenes craved.
Flung Aristippus his gold in the midst of the mad-
whirling Syrtis:

Lydia had not enough gold to make Midas content.

Know thyself! Difficult work this self-knowledge,
γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

Rapidly thus we read, speedily then we neglect.

The Mosella, upon which Ausonius's fame chiefly rests, is a poem of nearly five hundred hexameters. It celebrates the charms of a tributary of the Rhine, along which the poet once travelled in Gratian's Expedition against the Suebi. Professor Mackail considers the Mosella the most beautiful of purely descriptive Latin poems, unique in the felicity with which it unites Vergilian rhythm and diction with the new romantic sense of the beauties of nature. No other classic writer so felt the subtle charm which nature has for modern eyes. By virtue of this poem, Ausonius ranks as last of the Latin and first of the French poets.

Let us follow his steps along part of the journey:
Entering thence on a path that leads through the
primeval forests,
Lonely, beholding no trace round about of man's
habitation,
Pass I beyond Dummissus the arid whose lands thirst
for water,
Fields Sauromatian I see, to colonists lately allotted.
Purer the air in these fields. Behold where Phoebus
already
Cloudless with tranquil light is opening purple Olym-
pus.
No longer need to search for the sky amid the green
dimness
Wrought by the tangled shade of the out-reaching,
interlaced branches.
His patriotism is stirred by the beauty of the land-
scape:
Ah! unto me all things that are lovely to look at
Always suggest to the mind Burdigala, land of my
fathers;
Roofs of the villas in sight perched high on the
banks overhanging,
Green hills clad with vineyards of Bacchus, the beau-
tiful waters
Of the Moselle below, gliding onward with soft
rhythmic motion.
River, all hail! whose banks are made verdant by
beautiful grasses.
Bearer of ships as a sea, thou thyself art borne on
as a river,
Gliding forward and downward; a lake whose
depths so transparent
Sparkle like glass; a rival of streams in thy tremu-
lous flowing,

Easily dost thou surpass cold fountains in water for
drinking.

Running on with thy waters untroubled thou never
dost suffer

Any murmur of winds or grievance wrought by
rocks hidden.

Never art thou compelled to quicken thy pace for a
shallow;

Land rising high in mid-stream hast thou none
to disfigure thy surface.

Following close to thy banks boatmen stretch the
tow-rope incessant

Bound fast to the neck of mules with cords that
form a rude harness.

Dry do footsteps proceed to the very edge of thy
waters.

Go ye who wish polished floors laid in patterns of
Phrygian tilings,

Stretch out a marble plane through parlors that
boast fretted ceilings.

I, who despise the goods that only to riches are
given,

Nature's own works admire not reserved for luxur-
ious spendthrifts.

Here even poverty safely extravagant revels in
beauty;

Here solid banks of sand overspread the moist river
borders,

Nor do they mindful retain the print of the heaviest
footstep.

Into thy innermost depths one can look and along
thy smooth bottom,

River pellucid, as air opens wide a clear vista to
gazers.

When lightly glide the waves, the gentle lapping of
waters

In the cerulean gleam discloses to view different
figures:

How by light rocking the sand has drifted in regu-
lar furrows,

How grasses bending their heads wave gently, and
how a white pebble

Sparkles and then disappears, and green moss is
displayed mid the gravel.

Slippery shoals of fish as they sport with a gliding
motion

Weary the watchful eye that too steadily gazes upon
them.

It would be a pleasant task to multiply illustrations of the sensitive appreciation which Ausonius shows for all forms of beauty in physical and human nature, but further quotation would transgress the limits of allotted space. For a true estimate of the versatile genius of any poet one must read his own lines and not depend wholly upon another's translation.

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